N. Y. C. Free Public
SCHOOL LIBRARY
Class
Ex

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1925 No. 3137

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 199
EDITORIALS:
A Woman-Made World 201
Slush 202
Our Prejudices 203
RELIGION BECOMES NEWS. By Charles W. Wood 204
THOU SHALT NOT WHISTLE—IN GUAM. By Arthur Warner 206
WRITING FOR MONEY. By R. V. Hardon 208
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 209
CORRESPONDENCE 210
BOOKS:
Portrait in the Horizontal. By Ruth Fitch Bartlett 211
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 211
An American Poet. By Edward Sapir 211
The War-Guilt Again. By Frederick Bausman 212
The Reconstruction Negro. By William MacDonald 213
Wandering Thoughts. By Edgar Wind 213
Books in Brief 214
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Mexico's New Oil Law 215
When We Acquired Guam 216

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
Associate Editors
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Managing Editor Literary Editor
FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
Contributing Editors
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: 38 So. Dearborn Street. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, England.

THE KU KLUX KLAN is not dead yet; it can marshal 30,000 Klansmen willing to don a sheet and peaked nightcap and march through the streets of Washington on a sweltering August Saturday. But when the Klan announces its parades in time to sell concessions in advance to the hot-dog vendors, when it charters trains and has itself photographed flaunting the star-spangled banner on the Capitol steps, it ceases to be either a fascinating mystery or a threat to society. It has settled down to be just one more in the long list of shriners, templars, tall cedars, veiled prophets, red eagles, white rats, western bees, blue geese, and other dress-up orders which serve in their solemn way to let loose the repressed play instincts of grown-up men who have forgotten how to play naturally. Gone is the sudden drama of the flaming cross at midnight; gone the passion to regulate other people's lives and habits in picturesque disregard of the law. The Klan is no longer even 100 per cent white, Protestant, and Nordic. Its chiefs confer with "good" Negroes like Marcus Garvey; it denies class, race, or religious prejudice; it buys its klaverns from Loebs and Woolfs and sells to Fabians and Klotzmans. It still thrives and takes in membership fees; but for that matter the National Anti-Horse Thief Association, founded in 1854, still boasts 36,000 members. The Klan has become safe—and uninteresting.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1914 Germans are finding it an advantage to be German. Not in Europe, of course, but in far-away China, where the Germans, unlike Britons and Frenchmen and Americans, no longer have special extraterritorial privileges. Like the Chinese and the Russians they are subject to Chinese law. In the *Japan Chronicle* (Kobe) of July 9 we read:

> Germans in Canton are going around with armbands bearing the character for "German" lest they be mistaken for an unrighteous Briton or Frenchman! A few years ago the Allies were "sicking" the Chinese on the Germans and they gave China every encouragement to deprive them of extraterritorial privileges, concessions, and all the rest of the imperialist paraphernalia. And it seems that after all they have done the Germans a kindness.

Time indeed has its revenges!

THERE ARE ALWAYS ACID TESTS. *Clarté*, the organ of the French revolutionary intellectuals led by Henri Barbusse, has been using Morocco as a sort of litmus paper to try out French writers. Romain Rolland, of course, joined the protest against the Moroccan War, although warning the Communists that the rise of Asia would one day crush their bolshevism as well as the older imperialism. Charles Vildrac, Georges Duhamel, old Mme Séverine also stood opposed. So did Pierre Hamp and Victor Margueritte, who were not yet among the *revoltés* in the late war. René Maran, author of "Batouala," thought it an abominable war but "since it has been begun it should be carried on to victory." Victor Basch, Theodore Ruyssen, and Charles Gide were among the pre-war pacifists who found excuses to pack away their pacifism in 1925 as in 1914. Jean de Pierrefeu, Roland Dorgelès, Marc Sangnier, and Henri Guernut signed receipts for *Clarté's* letter but did not answer it. And after Henri Barbusse's Appeal to Brain Workers had been printed, demanding peace in Morocco, the great army of learning in France signed a counter-blast. A majority of the members of the Academy, of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Academy of Medicine, a host of university professors, artists, writers, and actors gave their names to an Address to the French Troops in Morocco, denying the charge of imperialistic aggression, denouncing Abd-el-Krim as a brigand, and insisting that France had brought peace to Africa. The ninety-three German savants who in 1914 blindly signed their names to the famous whitewash document have their counterpart across the Rhine today. And, for that matter, how many have there been in America to protest against the rape of Haiti?

FRANCE'S TROUBLES MULTIPLY. Marshal Pétain boldly proclaims success in Morocco, but what he calls "success" consists in stemming the Riffian advance, not in throwing back the tribesmen. Meanwhile, across the Mediterranean in Syria, the Druses, another Moslem tribe famous for religious fanaticism and bellicose fervor, have taken the warpath against the French army of occupation, wiping out one detachment of 200 men and capturing the entire convoy of a larger punitive expedition. "French airplanes are dropping tons of explosives upon Druse vil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lages," we read in the New York *Times*, "killing eighteen men and numerous women, and children." Is that what they call *l'œuvre civilisatrice de la France*, what the English empire-builders mean by the "white man's burden"? The French are in Syria as conquerors, hated by the Syrians. They are there as a result of secret treaties made during the war, and all the late Allies must share responsibility for their being there. Since "prestige" is at stake, they will not get out—yet; but every day they stay, every Druse or Moroccan they kill, means more ultimate disaster to the West, just as the short-sighted, selfish shilly-shallying of the powers in China is preparing another ghastly harvest. "I accuse the governments of France and England," writes Romain Rolland, "of loosing upon Europe —by stupid politics, by brutal, selfish imperialism, by continual provocations—an immense insurrection of the peoples of Asia and Africa." And he is right.

"REORGANIZATION" is a magic word in Wall Street. It is not enough that a financial firm make handsome commissions on floating new companies. It is not sufficient to foist on a corporation high-salaried officials and high-priced loans. It is also necessary to hover over the corpse of any company that gets into difficulties and take out a big fat bite for "reorganizing" it. Within recent years "reorganization" has been one of our most profitable lines of business, and numerous stockholders, already heavy losers, have been further milked by the specious arguments and sharp practices of the system. We are glad therefore to see the curtain raised on this abuse by J. B. Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, better known as the "Katy," was recently reorganized by two New York City banking houses. For doing the job they asked $1,614,249.79 for themselves and $750,000 for their lawyers, a total of $2,364,249.79. The Interstate Commerce Commission thought this was too much and cut the bill to $900,000 for the bankers and $600,000 for the lawyers. But Commissioners Eastman, McManamy, and Campbell regarded this sum also as excessive, and the former wrote a vigorous dissenting opinion, part of which is printed in *Labor*, the organ of the railroad brotherhoods, but which for some reason other newspapers have not featured.

WHEN A MODERN CORPORATION gets into financial difficulties, observes Mr. Eastman, some firm or group of bankers emerges as "reorganization managers" or "protective committees." "At the outset they are largely self-appointed and throughout their existence they are largely self-guided." In the case of the "Katy" the reorganizing bankers formulated a plan for raising $18,420,800 by assessment upon the stockholders. Against this they not only turned in a bill amounting to an eighth of the total but previous to this they had already collected $107,000 for traveling expenses, $153,675 with which to pay a firm of engineers, and $149,000 in commissions as members of the underwriting syndicate. In regard to legal fees Mr. Eastman remarks:

> It was testified in this case that the services of one of the lawyers were worth $500 per day. Men receiving such compensation usually entertain a righteous conviction that it corresponds with intrinsic worth, although, at the same time, they may be incensed that painters or carpenters should assume to demand and be able to exact $15 per day for their services.

In spite of the high price paid, Mr. Eastman does not feel sure that the railroad has benefited greatly through its new birth. Commissioner McManamy is also sharply critical of the new scheme, especially of the issuance of a million shares of no-par-value common stock and of the fact that the voting power resides in this and in 300,000 shares of preferred. He points out that in this way the owners of 650,001 shares of no-par-value common stock have control of the $270,000,000 worth of railroad property.

"LABOR UNIONISM ON THE RAILROAD has passed through three stages. First it was bitterly fought by management. Then it was tolerated. Gradually it is coming to be welcomed by management as a necessary, helpful, and constructive factor in industry." This optimistic declaration was made by Bert N. Jewell, head of the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor, in opening the first Railroad Labor Institute in the United States, just held at Brookwood Labor College, at Katonah, New York. Presidents and vice-presidents of international brotherhoods and unions in the railroad industry, chairmen of system federations of shop-craft unions on such roads as the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Baltimore and Ohio, and Canadian National, and fifty rank-and-file members of these unions spent a week studying the history of railroad-building, the management and financing of railroads, plans for cooperation between union and management for efficient production, the technique of presenting labor's case, and the complicated factors fixing railroad wages. The institute was a concrete expression of the growing conviction on the part of some of the stronger labor unions that only by a more thorough education of their members and officers can the unions fulfil their role as a necessary and constructive factor in industry. If the miners' union officials had as long-range a vision of their function in the coal business John L. Lewis might not find himself today facing a strike which can only weaken his union. The anthracite bunkers are full, the non-union soft-coal mines are gaining territory every month; Europe is eager to dump surplus coal in America. But John Lewis still stands upon his old tactics.

AT CENSORSHIP every nation gets its innings. "Desire under the Elms" came so close to censorship in this country that the demand for seats increased and the managers profited. England's Lord Chamberlain has put his foot down on the play; and "Desire under the Elms" will not be allowed to corrupt British morals. Mr. Basil Dean, the English producer, may rage, but little more will be heard of it. On both sides of the Atlantic the passion to regulate other people's thoughts and morals is about the same; the difference lies in the method. The English have had a good laugh over our "monkey trial." They should laugh; they would wisely fight such an issue out on Hyde Park corner. But they have suppressed—except when it is given in Italian —Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Scotland Yard has also put its ban upon the publishers of "Ulysses." "Kappa" tells in the London *Nation* of Miss Edna Beasley, who has been haled to Bow Street police station:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Beasley is an American writer, who was charged with neglecting to register under the Aliens Act. The police, however, were obviously not interested in this technical offense. They were interested in securing an order for deportation, on the ground that Miss Beasley had written an improper autobiography, the proofs of which, coming from France, had been stopped in the post. It was explained that her publishers were the firm responsible for Mr. James Joyce's "Ulysses," and that no communications from them are allowed to pass through the English post.

Censorship is an old, old story. Plato wished to delete parts of Homer before allowing the Athenian youth to read it—and certainly he was not the first.

GEORGE GRAY, who has just died at eighty-five, was one of the staunchest opponents of American imperialism in its infant days. In 1897 he voted in the Senate against the annexation of Hawaii, and as a member of the United States Peace Commission at Paris in 1898 he long stood out against his colleagues who insisted upon annexation of the Philippine archipelago. Judge Gray was a profound believer in the importance of arbitral procedure in settling industrial as well as international disputes. Roosevelt made him chairman of the commission which settled the bitter coal strike in 1902; and three presidents named him American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. More than once he served as arbitrator in international disputes. He was a Democrat, but an independent always. In 1896 he refused to follow his party's indorsement of Bryan and free silver; several times his party barely failed to make him its standard-bearer. He would not have brought it Bryan's oratorical power, or Wilson's moral fervor, but he would have given it a solid respect for facts, a decency toward adversaries, and an essential seriousness which American politics need.

A Woman-Made World

ENGLAND has some two millions more women than men. Are they to be spinsters or concubines or casual lovers, or shall they be delicately shoved off the island in the direction of Australia and Canada? Or are they being led, embittered and hopeless, into the ranks of militant feminism? Is feminism the child of puritanism and thwarted sex desires, or of freedom, love, and self-expression? These questions and a host of others—the morals of the young, the effect of birth control, the employment of married women—are being discussed in England with a certain heat and violence. Feminism has been raised to the status of a national issue. People lecture and debate on woman's future; they organize societies to settle unmarried women in the colonies; and they write letters on the "surplus female population" to the London *Times*. Two recent discussions of feminism have appeared as a part of the Today and Tomorrow Series published by Dutton in this country but largely English in its authorship. One of these, "Lysistrata" by Anthony Ludovici, that lively generalizer, states the case against what he likes to conceive as feminism. Another, "Hypatia" by Dora Russell, who parenthetically (and rather inappropriately) is described on cover and fly-leaf as the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, states the case for feminism as she knows it.

Mr. Ludovici sees a modern world full of degenerate bodies and flabby minds, of "surplus" women and weak-willed men. He sees an active and admittedly intelligent feminist minority snatching this opportunity to establish a woman-made world, in which puritan virtues will dominate, and the body be despised. He sees a future in which women, the ruling sex, will have abolished natural conception and childbirth, and killed all men but a few poor specimens retained for purposes of breeding; artificial impregnation will be universal and babies will be incubated by chemical processes and fed artificially. The body and its functions will be looked upon with loathing, and love will be unknown or considered a criminal aberration. He sees, as the only alternative to some such sterile and ascetic world, a future in which men will forcibly recreate themselves as physical and mental successes, whom women will gladly admit as their superiors (though women will be similarly regenerated); all the former domestic functions will return from the factory to the home and women will return too—with concubinage to take care of the sorrowful "surplus." Civilization will reconstitute itself in the image of some previous golden age of physical delight and health to which Mr. Ludovici constantly alludes but which he never exactly locates.

In her companion volume Dora Russell also describes a sodden civilization about her, but she envisions a different future. The older feminists, she admits, developed in an atmosphere of hostility to men and to sex. Puritan virtues were accepted by all right-thinking people; the early feminists wanted merely to apply them to men as well as to women. The sex subordination of women at home and the bitter public persecution of women who "sinned" generated rebellion against the "double standard." The feminist seldom questioned the conventional virtues; rather she turned upon men and said "All right, take your virtues; live up to them and see how you like them."

But, says Mrs. Russell, one look about will make it clear that times have changed. Like the older feminists, young women today demand a single standard—but they have adopted a standard of equal experience. Dora Russell believes that feminism will bring about social changes to insure women's chance of health and freedom and intelligent child-bearing—primarily mothers' pensions and birth control; and she, too, urges the regeneration of men, but in the hope of making them adequate as lovers and friends of women.

Neither of these writers cares a rap for conventional religious and moral standards; both demand free play for impulse and bodily desire. Mrs. Russell's most damaging answer to her opponent is her own attitude. If this be feminism, as one of the "younger feminists" sees it, what becomes of Mr. Ludovici's fears? If woman's freedom means, now that a few legal preliminaries are out of the way, the freedom to love without shame, to set up new standards of bodily beauty and strength, to brush aside religious taboos and social restrictions—Mr. Ludovici is left in the lurch. He cannot be expected to join the ranks of these radical young women; and certainly he will not defend their ascetic forebears. He may find among conservatives some support for the "masculine renaissance" he preaches, but his glorification of physical desire and his scorn of all Christian teaching make him a dangerous ally. Mr. Ludovici is the original "old man of the tribe"—but his tribe seems to have got lost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slush

TO one familiar with American journalism during the present century the accounts of the death and burial of Mr. Bryan suggest the rise of a new tendency to emotionalize such events, to resort to "fine writing," to make an effort at pathos and "color" which was not permitted under the sounder traditions of reporting which prevailed up to two years ago. We say two years ago because this new technique made its signal and unblushing appearance with the death of President Harding in the summer of 1923. Many who observed and regretted the depths of sentimentalism to which our news dispatches descended at that time thought it was a unique outbreak (due to the fact that in a sense Mr. Harding was a martyr) and would not be repeated. It was repeated six months later upon the death of Mr. Wilson, but there again exceptional circumstances gave some excuse. But what is one to conclude upon seeing in connection with the death of Mr. Bryan the same abandonment of straight news reporting in favor of pulling wide open the *vox humana* stop and frankly attempting to play on the emotions?

We are not talking now of the tendency to praise editorially at death a man whom a newspaper has damned during his life. That is the old practice of "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." We are considering now not editorials at all but news accounts, which, according to the best traditions of American journalism, should be records of fact, unmixed with propaganda or effort to work upon the feelings of the reader. It would be hard to pick out any worse slush, for instance, than the following paragraph in an Associated Press dispatch sent from San Francisco on August 3, 1923:

> To his widow, Mrs. Harding, the city said au revoir with a compassion unwitnessed here since those sad days of the earthquake and fire, when San Francisco had unassuageable sorrow of her own. . . . The same sun which he [President Harding] saw set behind the Golden Gate in a halo of mist last night from his hotel window tonight burnished for a few brief moments the metal of his bier.

After that from the Associated Press, which prides itself on being uneditorial and unemotional, one was not greatly surprised to read in the New York *World* of August 9 a Washington dispatch describing Mr. Harding's funeral in which the following paragraph is only a little worse than the average:

> There was all the glory, majesty, and grandeur of death when he lay under the impressive dome of the Capitol, with music swelling in mighty waves and chanting voices hymning the triumph of the soul over the body, while the sculptured and painted forms of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and those other titans who have made America's history looked down on the new recruit to immortality.

This technique of emotionalizing the passing of a widely known national figure is also to be found in recording various other events which lend themselves to such a treatment and will, unless recognized and stopped, more and more pervade reporting. We suspect its origin lies partly in the war, when hysteria and sentimentalism overwhelmed everything, when propaganda came to be regarded as a regular and legitimate element in the news columns. Combined with that has been the influence of the movies—with their perfervid and nonsensical jargon—and the general movement of the press away from strict presentation of the news and toward that mass of real or alleged entertainment and inspiration known as feature material. Oddly enough the war hysteria in this country did not reach flood tide until well after the Treaty of Versailles was written in 1919. The anti-radical and anti-alien repercussion of the war, for instance, did not arrive in full force until 1920. This slowness of the war madness to develop explains, perhaps, the fact that the passing of Roosevelt, which occurred only a couple of months after the armistice, was chronicled with a restraint in strange contrast to the geyser of maudlin twaddle which drenched us upon the death of President Harding. The account of Roosevelt's burial at Oyster Bay in the New York *Tribune* of January 9, 1919, is far from a cold setting down of facts. There is a legitimate attempt to reproduce the atmosphere and spirit of the occasion, but the writer does not let it run away with him. A fair sample is the opening paragraph:

> The flag that he loved with a surpassing devotion still lies upon his coffin. About him is the brown earth to which he lived so close in this his own home. Beyond his grave the steel-blue waters of the Sound stretch away and at right and left above his resting-place rise his beloved hills.

While not great literature that is good journalism, in pleasing contrast to the blah which the same newspaper printed five years later, February 7, 1924, when Mr. Wilson was buried:

> With the piercing blast of the bugle, martial and unafraid, it seemed the hardy spirit of Woodrow Wilson was taking flight up and up, swiftly toward the stars to ride down the solitary ages with the ideals for which he spent his life.

In New York City the *Times*, which more than any other journal is a strictly *news* newspaper, has offended the least in the tendency to emotionalize and sentimentalize its reporting. The two other morning dailies which have the best news columns, the *Herald Tribune* and the *World*, have not been equally fortunate. Glancing through their news columns at the time of the death of Cleveland and of McKinley, for instance, one understands the change in reporting which has taken place.

The *World's* dispatch from Princeton, New Jersey, describing the burial of Cleveland (printed in the issue of June 27, 1908) opens with the following succinct and sufficient paragraph: "Attended by scenes of solemnity, simple yet profound, Grover Cleveland was laid at rest at sundown today."

It is true that the *World* of February 7, 1924, carried a dispatch from Washington with an equally simple and somewhat similar beginning to the account of Mr. Wilson's burial: "Without thunder of guns or bugle calls, and with not a word beyond the ever-beautiful Protestant Episcopal funeral service, Woodrow Wilson was laid to rest this afternoon." But the *World's* restraint at that time was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exceptional in the overwhelming flood of crude bathos.

The reporter of twenty-five years ago was primarily a fact gatherer. He was perhaps the best fact gatherer that journalism, here or anywhere, has ever known, but he was not so good a writer as his successor of today. Neither was he so bad a one. The prizes of journalism then went to the successful fact getter; today the best salaries go to the feature writer—the man who can give an amusing or a personal interpretation of an important happening. The star reporter of today aims above all else not to be hackneyed, and this has led to a better-written presentation of lesser events than we used to have, but in the face of high tragedy he lacks, on the one hand, skill to do it justice and, on the other, the restraint not to try which usually characterized the journalist of a quarter of a century ago. When the journalist of that earlier era did try, his very limitations kept him from making such a mess of it. He was sometimes stilted, strained, even ridiculous, but having been mercifully spared from contact with the vocabulary of the movies, he was not lachrymose or maudlin. McKinley died a martyr's death; it stirred the country vastly. But the New York *Tribune's* account of the funeral in Washington, printed in the issue of September 18, 1901, is to be criticized as hackneyed and cumbersome rather than as sentimental and slushy. The opening paragraph reads:

> The nation of which for more than four years he was the loved head paid the dead President today its last tribute of honor and affection. Through the chosen representatives of its power and sovereignty it discharged the last sad debt of love and reverence due the faithful servant and leader of his people. The chiefs of all the departments and branches of the government gathered at the Capitol to join in the last solemn rites celebrated in his memory, contributing to a ceremony, in itself simple almost to plainness, a significance truly impressive and truly national. In beauty and solemnity that ceremony may have left a certain something still to be desired; for the neglect of forms which democratic habits foster will often revenge itself at unexpected and awkward moments. But what it missed in smoothness and fitness of setting it undeniably atoned for in depth, sincerity, and tenderness of feeling, stamping itself as a tribute not of formal and perfunctory duty but of universal and unstinted affection.

Going back to the assassination of Lincoln we find in contemporary accounts a journalistic style which today seems stiff and pompous, but is not awash with professional tears. This, although probably no other President's death has ever so stirred our people. Incidentally, it is worth recalling that the issue of the New York *Tribune* which carried the news of Lincoln's assassination (that of April 15, 1865) did not present the information on the first page. The first page was given up to some letters purporting to reveal secrets of the Civil War and to news from Mobile, then a scene of fighting. The shooting of Lincoln was told inside on the editorial page under the heading:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!
THE PRESIDENT SHOT!
Secretary Seward Attacked.

It is a fair guess that the failure to put the news of Lincoln's assassination on the first page was not due to lack of proper appreciation of it, but to the fact that the dispatch arrived late, after the paper had been made up, and it was not so easy or so customary to make over in those days as in these.

Our Prejudices

"I ADMIRE your political opinions," writes a subscriber of three years' standing, "but I hate and detest your pro-Catholic and race-equality propaganda. You lose subscriptions by it. You lose in the South particularly. Of course you may gain Negro and Catholic readers, but neither is liberal or progressive, and all your writing cannot make them so." *The Nation* is always losing subscribers who do not like one or another of its ideas and ideals, but it does not modify its opinions according to the circulation manager's mail. To angry cancelations it pays small heed, for the person who resentfully cancels a subscription because he differs with a magazine's views thereby stamps himself as illiberal from the start.

The reader quoted above, however, is the kind of reader we should like to convert. He regards the Catholic church as the enemy of human progress, and says he has always found the Negro ready to "scab" on union men. Doubtless where the Catholic church is in the majority it tends to control education and politics, but in this country, where the Catholics are a small minority, it is often a powerful ally of political liberalism. The Klan and other manifestations of intolerance and bigotry have been an effective demonstration. Through the Dayton trial, for instance, the Catholic attitude was intelligently one of opposition to both sides. The Catholics accept the Bible as the inspired word of God—to be interpreted, however, by the church, not by the state or by the individual. They oppose the Tennessee statute, realizing that if the state can proscribe it can also prescribe what is to be taught to children. *The Nation* has found among the Catholics effective allies in the struggle for industrial, political, and even religious freedom; and even if that were not so it would continue to protest whenever it found the bars raised against men and women because of their religious beliefs—or unbeliefs.

For inter-race justice, too, we shall continue our stand, even though it cost us circulation in the South. We read in *Opportunity* that an educational survey recently completed in Georgia—40 per cent of whose people are Negroes—recommended a State school appropriation of more than a million dollars, only $122,500 of which was to go for colored children. Sumter County, Georgia, received $29,228 as a State grant for schools last year, and spent $22,828 of this on its 1,622 white school-children and only $6,400 on the 4,961 dark-skinned children of school age; it has just cut the salaries of all Negro teachers earning more than $25 a month! Does any one wonder, in the face of such indecency, that the Negroes do not stand en masse in the forefront of progress? Does any union man, honestly facing the record—not the resolutions, but the actions—of the big unions toward colored men, wonder that colored men frequently "scab"? The labor unions have never made an aggressive effort to drain the reservoir of potential "scab" workers by organizing the Negro masses, and that fact has cost them defeat more than once. Some day the South itself will awaken to the handicap imposed on it by its own policy of race domination, but until the brave minority which is already making itself felt in most Southern States succeeds in breaking the crust of Southern tradition every national progressive movement will face shipwreck on the rocks of the solid and conservative South.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion Becomes News

By CHARLES W. WOOD

A FEW years ago we couldn't have imagined the United States eagerly awaiting the news from some church convention. There wasn't any news in a church convention. The papers, to be sure, covered these affairs, after a fashion, and sometimes gave them complimentary write-ups on the first page; but this was done out of courtesy to certain blocks of subscribers and not with any notion on the editor's part that religion was news.

Any story which involved religion, in those days, was taboo. No matter how carefully it was handled, it was apt to get the paper in trouble. The reporter who "did religion" was trained to turn in a perfectly colorless column of church notices and to avoid even the appearance of human interest.

The break came suddenly, about two years ago. What had happened nobody seemed to know; but the Virgin Birth presently began to run neck and neck with murder and politics for front-page layouts, even in such newspapers as the New York *Times*. Ever since then religion has been the livest news there is.

A few months ago the country waited eagerly while the Presbyterians, assembled in Columbus, Ohio, actually took a ballot on the Virgin Birth. A little later the Associated Press and all the other news agencies of the nation were covering in World Series, play-by-play fashion an argument in a Tennessee courtroom on the all-important problem of where Cain's wife came from and whether God could have worked by the day before he invented the sun.

Now all eyes are beginning to turn toward New Orleans. The question at issue there is: Can a bishop think? Nobody seems to care particularly how the question is decided. The public isn't partisan; it is just eager for the news. For religion is news today, and no mistake.

A lot of my friends seem to be distressed over the situation. The United States, they tell me, is still pretty largely fundamentalist; and if the people begin to act according to their fundamentalist philosophy, the advance of science will presently be checked. They point to the Tennessee anti-evolution law. If that law is upheld, they fear, it will be followed by others. Presently only Mosaic astronomy can be taught. And Mosaic geography. And what kind of country will it be, they ask, if our children are brought up to believe that the earth is flat? Others, following the lead of the New York *World*, are fearful of an approaching reunion of church and state—a thoroughly Ku-Kluxed country, with the fundamentalist creed written into the Constitution and all dissenters deprived of their political rights.

Somehow, I don't share their distress. I think it's a good sign, this renewed interest in religion. I think we are miles ahead of where we were when religion was a subject which editors were afraid to mention, which everybody was trying to keep out of politics, which the tactful would even keep out of their general conversation.

During the past fifty years, all fundamentalists will tell you, there has been a steady decline of the religious life throughout America. There were no fundamentalists fifty years ago because practically every church member believed implicitly in the whole fundamentalist doctrine. So did most of the sinners, who looked upon the town infidel quite as superstitiously as did the saints and gave as their own excuse for not being saved that the church was full of hypocrites. The "town infidel," by the way, was anyone who had read Tom Paine or dared to argue right in the minister's face that a good God wouldn't let anybody go to hell. Half the preachers under forty today are quite as atheistic as that.

There were revivals from time to time, but there was no particular revival of orthodoxy. None was needed; for everybody was orthodox to begin with, and the revivalist's task was not to prove that the Bible was true but to frighten his audience into doing something about it.

But the *force* of these revivals waned, from decade to decade. The last one of any national consequence was that of Moody and Sankey; and that was a tame performance, unmarked by the great spiritual outpourings of former days when hundreds of those "convicted of sin" threw themselves before the mercy seat and writhed in holy agony, while those who "had the blessing" prayed and sang and shouted their hallelujahs.

In the course of time revivals so deteriorated in force that the current revivalist, whose name, if I remember right, was Billy Sunday, had to do all the performing himself, depending for his effects upon a skilful advertising campaign by which the sawdust trail could be sold to leading Rotarians. Billy was just as orthodox as Jonathan Edwards. And undoubtedly he had as many converts. But Jonathan's converts wrestled mightily with the hosts of Satan before they felt themselves plucked like brands from the burning; while Billy's blithely checked their sins outside, marched down the aisle giving three cheers for holiness, learned the first verse and chorus of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and doubtless commemorated the incident by sending a picture post card home: "Having a swell time wish you were here X marks the spot where I was washed in the Blood."

Billy, in those days, was news. But religion wasn't. It was his mannerisms, not his message, that made him good copy. If he coined a new nickname for the Holy Ghost it might get a headline, but the fact that half the leading citizens of the town had been rescued from hell wasn't worth two sticks. One old horse rescued from a burning barn was considered a much more important story.

It wasn't that the editors didn't believe in rescue from hell. But there is the subjective belief and the objective belief. We may, and do, act upon both; but the tendency, especially for the past fifty years, in America, has been to compel us to act upon objectively discovered information and to relegate our subjective notions to an ever-lessening jurisdiction over our conduct.

There's a reason for that. For the past fifty years, in America, we have been devoting ourselves to building up a new industrial system. To hang on to an old system does

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not require much new information. All such a task requires is a tremendous willingness to hang on. But to build a new system—one which nobody ever heard of before—necessitated our learning a lot of things the old Bibles didn't tell us. They might warn us not to muzzle the ox that threshed out the grain, but they were absolutely silent on what to do when the engine wouldn't spark.

This didn't mean that we had to revise our old beliefs. A few of us did, but we didn't really count. The vast majority kept their old beliefs intact, but they didn't use them quite so often. When the plumbing went wrong, they didn't call in a savior; they called in a plumber. No one thought of calling that a conflict between science and religion; but since life is principally made up of what we do, the Old Gospel, while still "believed," began to strike less and less deeply into the emotional life.

The old-timers noticed this and deplored it. They sought for a reason, but not until five or six years ago did they seem to find one. They found it, strangely, not in the heresy of the masses but in the heresies which had crept into the modern Christian pulpit.

The masses, it seems, didn't have to revise their old religious creeds. All the masses had to do was to shove them back somewhere into a far corner of their brains, where they could bring them out at funerals and on special occasions; but the theological students and the professors who taught them, were compelled in the very nature of their jobs to think about religion. It is easy enough to hold conflicting beliefs if you don't have to think about them; but when you have to overhaul them daily you've got to do something about it. So the new theologians revised their ancient creeds. They built them over, in so far as they were able, into religious concepts which seemed applicable to the life that men were living. That religion should be kept out of politics did not appeal to them at all; and to keep it out of business was equivalent to keeping it out of life. So they began to preach a Seven Day Religion, a Social Religion, a "religion to live by, not to die by," a religion which might be harmonized with every new discovery, a religion of deeds not creeds, and a religion of practical human brotherhood rather than a mere mystic formula for the forgiveness of sins.

The new preachers were certainly religious. They were Christians; and they accepted, or they thought they did, the theory of the Atonement. To be sure, they didn't emphasize it; but when Billy Sunday swept through the country most of these new preachers united with their brethren of the old school in welcoming him. His theology might be crude, they said, but was he not bringing thousands into a Christian life?

When, a few years later, the Interchurch World Movement was launched, the old-timers similarly got into that. But never again. In fact, they couldn't wait to give the movement a chance. They wrecked it and got out as soon as they discovered what it was up to—reporting about conditions in the steel industry and all that, instead of bringing souls to Christ.

And while all these merry things were happening religion had not yet become news. Billy was news and so was the Steel Strike Report; but that it would interest the people to have their sacred religious beliefs spread all over the front page where they could look at them objectively—that hadn't occurred to any editor yet.

It was the fundamentalists who brought the change. It was they, not the modernists, who caused the modernists to get a hearing. It was they who called attention to the irreconcilable conflict between this social-service ethics which the "atheistic" modernists were preaching and the good old gospel of redemption through the Blood. It was they who called loudly for the heretics to be put out. And it was they who compelled millions of Americans to overhaul their complete mental stock and ask themselves seriously, for the first time in their lives, Just exactly what do I believe?

That is the best thing, as I see it, that has happened to America in my generation. A belief which is too sacred to be examined is the only dangerous belief I know anything about. We may try to keep it out of politics, out of the papers, and out of our conversation; we may even try to keep it out of our consciousness entirely, but we can't get rid of it by any such methods. We will surely develop what the psychoanalysts call a conflict; and not until the belief comes into consciousness is there any likelihood of the conflict being resolved.

And America, all these years, has suffered from just such a conflict. We have had two sets of beliefs, one objective and practical, the other subjective and utterly unworkable; but just because a belief is unworkable it doesn't follow that we will not try to work it. We will and we do; and until we get out our unworkable belief and examine it, there is little likelihood of our discovering what the trouble is.

Americans believed, for instance, that water expands when it is heated; not because the Scriptures said so but because they checked up on it and found out. Hence, their industrial advance was marvelous. But they also believed that punishment would prevent crime—and their achievements in crime-prevention have been nil. Punishment never did prevent crime, at least in America; but there is little likelihood of our finding it out until that utterly unworkable notion is brought to consciousness and examined as objectively as we would examine a proposition in mechanics. For my part, I would rather have Mosaic geology consciously proclaimed in the public schools than to have Mosaic criminology unconsciously dominating all our social acts. And I would rather have a child told that the earth is flat than to have him scared into thinking that Red, White, and Blue are Jehovah's favorite colors.

America has grown great in so far as it has believed whatever it has found out. It has grown ridiculous in so far as it has believed what it has been told. But the first step in unbelieving these beliefs that make such fools of us is to bring them into consciousness. It was a great day for American progress when religion got into the news.

And it was the fundamentalists, we must remember, who put it there. When the new heresies came storming out of the theological seminaries, few were able to state exactly what they were. Finally, after much soul-searching, the sainted brethren were able to draw up four dogmas, too sacred to be questioned, which, as they saw it, were the four cardinal points of orthodoxy. They were: The literal inspiration of the Scriptures; the Virgin Birth; the Vicarious Atonement; the Second Coming of Christ.

So that was what the fuss was all about. It all looked awful to most of the orthodox until they began to see just

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what it was. Anybody, it was noted, could believe in all those things and be the biggest skinflint alive. You could never guess from such a layout what his attitude toward human problems might be. Nothing about industrial relations, race relations, or war—nothing about any problem affecting modern life. Could it be that that was all there was to religion? From that day on the people of the United States have been eager to get all the information they could.

That is why their eyes are turning now toward New Orleans. There, far more than in the Scopes trial, the beans will all be spilled. Bishop William Montgomery Brown has raised the ultimate question, and it is up to the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to answer him.

The question is: What must a bishop believe in order to remain a bishop in good standing in the church?

Ten years ago the question could hardly have been raised. It was assumed in those days, at least by everybody except the bishops themselves, that a bishop had to accept the whole orthodox formula, beginning with Adam's sin being responsible for all our ills, from war to boils, and ending with whatever anybody could make out of the Book of Revelation.

Bishop Brown, according to the popular understanding, "didn't believe anything." Adam's sin as a cause of war was a complete joke to him; and with Adam's fall out of the way, Christ's redemption couldn't be taken literally at all. He came to the conclusion, in fact, from his study of history, that there was no such historical character as Jesus; and if any literal belief whatever constituted religion, he was completely and undeniably irreligious. Had religion kept out of the news, Bishop Brown's case would have seemed ridiculous.

But religion got into the news and all America has been trying to find out what it actually is. And, little by little, due to the prodding of the fundamentalists, America has been given to understand that religion and *theories about religion* are two very different things. Religion, we have been told, is not a creed but a life; and the real Christian is he who leads the Christ life of human love and service. But that, according even to his prosecutors, puts Bishop Brown away up in the front rank of leading Christians. It is only his theological opinions to which anybody has objected. It is not what he is but what he thinks.

But what can a bishop think? That is the nut which the House of Bishops has to crack, the court which found him guilty of heresy having utterly dodged the question. They said he didn't believe what they believed, but they wouldn't say what it was. They wouldn't permit themselves, or any other bishops, to be examined.

Perhaps they didn't think it was necessary. But that was a year ago. It has become decidedly necessary since; for religion is in the news and all eyes are turning toward New Orleans. It is the first real showdown. What is the point, if any, beyond which the mind of a churchman must not ask questions? The future of the Protestant Episcopal Church is bound up in the answer, perhaps the future of organized religion in the United States. For if the Protestant Episcopal Church decides that a bishop is at liberty to believe whatever he can find out, the conflict between science and religion may soon be resolved.

Thou Shalt Not Whistle—in Guam

By ARTHUR WARNER

IT has long been my intention, when I become Grand Supreme Dictator of the Universe, to begin the exercise of my authority by issuing an edict which shall read as follows:

> 1. No man shall be allowed to whistle without having spent four years in an accredited conservatory of whistling and having passed a satisfactory test before the Board of Whistling Examiners.
>
> 2. No boy under eighteen, and no woman, shall be allowed to whistle at all.

But I have learned that it is not necessary to become Grand Supreme Dictator of the Universe in order to issue this edict. I need only join the United States navy and be assigned as Governor of Guam. This information I have from a man who is back in this country after several years' residence on the island. He may want to return there some day, and so does not wish to publish his observations under his own name. As my plans for visiting this remote Pacific island are rather more than hazy I am under no such restriction.

The city of Agana contains 8,000 of the 15,000 inhabitants of the island. With some imagination it may be described as the metropolis. Imagine, then, the scope of the following decree, even more sweeping than that of my dreams:

> EXECUTIVE SPECIAL ORDER NO. 52
>
> The practice of whistling is an entirely unnecessary and irritating noise which must be discontinued.
>
> It is therefore ordered and decreed that no person shall whistle within the limits of the city of Agana.
>
> The penalty for a violation of this order shall be an executive fine not to exceed five dollars.

Guam, like the Virgin Islands, has been the victim of congressional forgetfulness and indifference, due to its remoteness, its inconsequential population, and its lack of a press to rouse its people or our own. Guam came to us as part of the spoils of the Spanish-American War of 1898. President McKinley, in his instructions for taking over the island (printed in full in the International Relations Section), put it under the "absolute domain" of the Navy Department "until the legislators of the United States shall otherwise provide." Nearly twenty-seven years have slipped away since, but Congress has not yet otherwise provided. President McKinley added in his instructions that

> it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the naval administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the island of Guam, by securing to them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the inheritance of all free peoples, and by proving to them that the mission of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule.

So? Well, maybe; but to date the navy has devoted considerably more energy to maintaining its "absolute domain" than to "substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule."

Guam, my informant tells me, is unprotected from attack or capture. Any nation could take it without firing a shot. There are, it is true, several guns on the island, but of a sort found nowhere in the United States except in musical comedy. Yet 700 marines and 100 men of the navy are garrisoned on the island at a cost to the citizens of the United States of $2,000,000 a year.

Under "the mild way of justice and right" established in Guam by the navy the Governor is one of the several czars which, oddly enough, a democracy like the United States has permitted to rule in our distant and helpless possessions with an absolutism and an insolence that probably have no parallel in the colonial administration of any other nation on earth. The Governor of Guam makes the laws, he changes (at will) the laws, he is the law; he is the master of every creature on the island, under the island, and in the waters within three miles of the island. In order that no one man should be bored with playing the despot too long in this out-of-the-way corner of the Pacific, the Governor is changed every eighteen months. There have been as many as six in three years. Every Governor has his hobby. With one it may be roads, with another military pomp, with a third photography. Each Governor may change the laws of his predecessors, and most of them do. It is fun to make laws when taxpayers 5,000 miles away foot the bills, when nobody can make any objection, and when you can sail away after eighteen months sure of another job, no matter what a mess you have made of this one.

"Thou shalt not whistle" is not the only way in which the czars of Guam have violated President McKinley's promise "to protect the natives in their personal rights." Even the legislators of the sovereign State of Tennessee have been outdone, as witness the following:

EXECUTIVE NOTICE 106

The order of March 10, requiring that school-children shall not wear long skirts, is not being observed. Long skirts tend to trail the dust and germs and should not be worn. The skirts of schoolgirls should not reach lower than four inches from the ground.

One Governor, to his credit, issued the following proclamation:

GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

1. It is to be regretted that the licentious and lawless conduct of some of the men belonging to this station has made it necessary to issue this order, which is intended to be a reminder that, in assuming control of this island, the government is pledged to fulfil its guaranties of absolute protection of all the rights and privileges of the residents of Guam, in their homes and in their lawful pursuits of life.

2. Attention is hereby called to the fact that the natives of Guam are not "damned dagoes" or "niggers," but they are law-abiding, respectful human beings who have been taken under the protection of the United States government and who are as much entitled to courtesy, respect, and protection of life and liberty in their homes as are the best citizens of New York, Washington, or any other home city.

Fine words. But what do they amount to in the face of such race snobbery and executive nincompoopery as below:

EXECUTIVE GENERAL ORDER NO. 326

1. It is hereby ordered and decreed that on and after October 1, 1919, any white person residing in the island of Guam is forbidden to marry any person whole or part Chamorro or Filipino extraction, and any marriage entered into on or after said date shall be null and void.

2. White persons are those of the Caucasian extraction who have no Chamorro, Filipino, or Negro blood in them.

The police department of the island is in the hands of the Marine Corps. These international policemen are under the direct authority of the Governor. A policeman may enter the home of any resident of the island, without a search warrant. The right of a trial by jury is denied to every one, regardless of his place of birth. The old Spanish penal code, except as modified or aggravated from time to time by the governors, is still in force, and the right hand of a Spanish Inquisition is everywhere visible. There is a native "judge" appointed by the Governor. He has never completed the grammar grades of any school system. Yet Americans and others are brought before him for trial, although he does not pronounce sentence without the approval of the Governor. Should an appeal be granted, the case is tried before a semi-military court. The colonel of the marines is judge of this court, with a naval officer as first assistant judge and a civilian as second assistant. No sentences are given from this court without the Governor's approval.

By gubernatorial whim a large, modern penitentiary has just been completed at a cost of $30,000 or more. The natives were satisfied with the jail they had. They are a docile and peaceable people, not keen about spending any considerable part of their lives behind bars, even to please their Governor, and if they are so unfortunate as to have to go to jail they are not especially concerned to have all the niceties of polite prison life as it has been developed in highly civilized lands. Indeed the natives went so far as to request the Governor to abandon his plan for a prison de luxe, but without effect. Considering that the population of Guam is about 15,000 persons, including children, the cost of the penitentiary was $2 per capita.

Colonial possessions are in many ways so antagonistic to true democracy that we have had to jettison many of our best American traditions since we began to clutch at empire. An instinctive fear of the difficulties and dangers has led us to refuse to admit that we had colonies, to decline to set up any general administration or policy for their care, and to consign them "temporarily" to the mercies of army or navy—our least democratic services. In no way have we made more of a mess of it than in regard to citizenship. This, for instance, is the situation in Guam:

NAVY DEPARTMENT

Washington, D. C.

Court-Martial Order No. 1923

April 30, 1923

Bulletin

Naturalization: Native of Guam.

Held: While a native of Guam owns perpetual allegiance to the United States he is not a citizen thereof nor is he an alien and there are no provisions under which he may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become a citizen of the United States by naturalization. (26252-165, JAG, 31 March, 1923.)

EDWIN DENBY,
Secretary of the Navy

Yet Edward Everett Hale once greatly stirred the United States with a book—purely fiction—entitled "The Man Without a Country."

The least Congress should do for Guam is to provide a civilian government, adopt a modern legal system and code of laws, and allot certain areas to the naval establishment beyond which its authority should not go. Industry in Guam has not prospered under naval rule—it doesn't anywhere. Some $125,000 a year is collected from the people in land and personal taxes—and spent, unchecked, by the Governor. Imports are ten times as great as exports. Previous to the American occupation the people lived chiefly on fish and native fruits. We introduced canned salmon, since when the natives have done practically no fishing.

Probably the Spanish regime in Guam was pretty bad; our naval czardom may not be much worse. But was it worth the natives' while to give up the fun of whistling for the privilege of saluting the Stars and Stripes and eating salmon out of a can instead of fish fresh from the ocean?

Writing for Money

By R. V. HARDON

THERE are at least 40,000 persons in the United States who more or less methodically write for money. These 40,000 are the men and women who believe they have within them dormant or active properties which, if editors were not such fools, would quickly bring them to the foreground of the literary world. Why, in one town in Iowa alone, there are 11 potential Mary Roberts Rineharts, 7 James Branch Cabells, 4 almost-Ruby M. Ayerses, and 2 perfectly good Zane Greys, with 118 scattering from Joe Hergesheimers to Joe Blows. Don't lift the eyebrows over Joe Blow. You never heard of him before, but he is the most widely printed fiction author in all America. Of his ilk, more anon.

I am a fiction writer, a working author. I am not one of the 40,000; rather, I am one of a group of about 30 writers whose annual output in the course of a year is the incredible total of more than 2,200 short stories, 400 novelettes, and 150 serial novels, these latter often running to 200,000 words in length each. We are the "Two-Centers."

New York is the heart of the "2-cent fiction" market. There are 23 possible places in which to sell a fiction story which will command the average price of 2 cents a word. Some of the magazines, most of them monthlies or semi-monthlies, occasionally pay as high as 3 cents a word. More often they want to pay 1 cent or 1½ cent a count word.

There are living in New York at this moment 4 men and 2 women writers who actually turn out the bulk of all popular fiction printed in the standard 20-cent and 25-cent magazines published in America. The "high-class" authors who are paid from $500 to $1,800 a story are not capable of writing the sort of short story these magazines require. Obviously, authors who have big names and powerful reputations would not attempt the 2-cent market. But, at that, if they were so disposed, they wouldn't succeed. Writing what is technically called "tripe" is a highly specialized job. And in the cheap magazine field, whose periodical output attains a gross circulation of more than 2,400,000 copies per issue, the demand for the right kind of story is greater than the supply. But it would do no good to tell the 40,000 men and women who are writing for money, and never getting it, anything about this. They couldn't write the material, no matter how hard they tried.

It would be inaccurate to say that the successful writers of the 2-cent fiction field are hack writers. They are not. They are highly specialized mass-production experts.

Ten years ago I was a plain and ordinary newspaper man of thirty. I had never written a word of romance, adventure—nothing in a fiction way. In college I had written poetry, of course, and even attained a slender volume of sentimental sonnets which were just a little bit worse than might have been expected. Ten years ago a new magazine appeared on the market. It had one of these snappy alliterative titles, and in a wild moment I invested 15 cents (the then current price), and read the magazine. I sat down that night and wrote a story which I think was called "Problem X" and sent it to the editor of the new periodical. A check for $20 came galloping back, with demands for more.

That was the beginning of my "career."

I am now one of the most-hardened and perhaps desperate 2-cent writers in New York. There is another fellow who lives a block or two away from me who is a little bit worse; he writes 65,000 to 75,000 words a week, whereas I turn out only 50,000 a week. Pretty soon now, however, I expect to get up to 60,000 words every seven days.

From my first stories ten years ago I gradually became known to the editors of other magazines of the type as a "good snappy sex writer." That is to say, my stories deal with the problem of love and romance. One of my friends is a Western-stuff expert, and he can sit down and in a single day bat out a 25,000-word Wild West serial, in three parts, with excitement and thrills enough to make each individual hair of the reader stand upon its individual end. But my friend who does Westerns is not a good business man and he rarely receives more than one cent a word for his serials. It is his own fault; he ought to be more of a fighter. But he is a mild-mannered chap and the editors, bless their little hearts, beat him down. Nearly all the magazines devoted to Wild West adventure stories are edited by young women, you know.

Every story written in the "2-cent" magazines must follow a formula, a set idea. In the "clean love story" group you must do this: Your heroine may make mistakes and be discovered in indiscretions, but that is O.K. so long as she reforms and is repentant in the end and is *punished for her sin*. This is absolutely a "must." The heroine can't sob and say she is sorry and then marry the handsome young hero. Ah, not at all. She must be punished first. She must suffer all the torments of the d—d. (By the way, there is only one of the eleven clean-sex-story magazines that will allow you to say damned, although you may allow a character to say "damn.")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The supervising editor of a company which publishes 5 such magazines each month is frequently on the verge of nervous collapse because he hasn't enough stories on hand from month to month to meet his requirements. This in spite of the 40,000 who are writing for money. He has a list of 9 writers who contribute pretty regularly and when the manuscript box is low he calls them one after another.

"I must have about 4,000 words, a nice sweet little story with a naughty flapper heroine in it," he will say. "Let's see. It's Tuesday. Yes, I'll have to have that by Thursday at 12 o'clock. Don't make it a small-town story 'cause I have three of those for this number already. Yeh, you better have her turn out to be a welfare worker or something like that. No, don't skate on the thin ice too close. We are sort of cleaning up, you know. Yep, 2 cents."

Just like ordering the pork chops for tomorrow's dinner.

In the course of a year I sell about 100 short stories averaging 2,800 words in length each; 4 novelettes averaging 15,000 words each; 4 serials averaging 50,000 words each, and several hundred very short items of from 50 to 250 words each which are technically called "fillers." Like most of the "2-cent" authors, I do not employ a literary agent to dispose of my wares. That is, my 2-cent stuff is sent direct to the magazine for which it is intended and which was probably in my mind when I wrote it. About one out of ten is returned to me. Eventually this rejected manuscript may be sold elsewhere. Two of the magazines in which my short stories regularly appear sometimes send back a manuscript with changes suggested, just as a tailor might receive a coat for alteration because it is too tight in the sleeves or wrinkles around the collar. These changes are made at once and the garment, that is to say, the manuscript, goes back to the customer that day.

The manner of such stories must never change. The truth is, I have only three love-story plots to my name. I have written these almost 700 times in ten years. I have had 619 short stories published since 1916 to which I have signed 21 noms de plume; one of the *noms* attaining sufficient prestige to have been signed to a published book within the past two years. The book sold quite well.

Once in about every six or twelve months my mind slips. It goes back on me. I sit down at my typewriter and, as usual, type down the title: "Oh, Wonderful Girl!" All right. Then I start in to do my stuff. Clean and sexy. Breath-taking at the end of the first 1,800 words, but from then on Mary is proved to be a good girl, after all, only people wouldn't understand her exuberant ways. That's the formula, you see. Well, I get it all done in about an hour and a half—3,000 words, say—and I get up and have a cup of coffee, and wash my hands, and give the story to a female relative to read (Oh, the poor girl, what she's been through you'll never know!), and then it goes away.

But hold! Back it gallops from this magazine and that.

"Gee, this is awful. What's the matter with you today?" This is a comment by one editor who buys 50 stories a year from my gifted typewriter.

"No, very sorry. This will hardly do." Another editor.

"Awful." Another, a rather close friend of mine, who has a magazine that sometimes accepts fairly decent stories.

Then I know that, quite without intention and unconsciously, I have achieved a story that I dare sign with my own name and send to a literary agent who will present it—and quite often even sell it—to a "good" magazine.

Three years ago I wrote a story of my usual "2-cent" length and sent it in sequence to my regular list of magazines. These three magazines rejected it as absolutely impossible, foolish, no good, and out of season. I was very, very annoyed. I deemed it a good story. So I slapped it into an envelope and sent it, without comment, to H. L. Mencken, then editor of the *Smart Set*, which, in those days, did occasionally publish absolutely first-rate fiction. Yes, Mencken and Nathan bought my despised little story and in the "American Short Story Annual" it drew asterisks as a "story of unusual fidelity and distinction," and over in England it brought a review in a standard literary journal.

Which doesn't prove anything except that the "2-cent" magazines know what they want and know how they want it.

There's a girl living down in a small town in Georgia who was a stenographer five years ago. She had the urge to write. She read the "2-centers" carefully for about three months, and then began to bombard the New York editors with stories of from 4,000 to 5,000 words. She could turn out one every day. She sells an average of 15 short stories every month now, receiving $60 each for them.

There's a man living down in Greenwich Village who is a real artist and capable of writing charming little etchings—little word pictures of human character. He's capable of it, but where would he sell such efforts? There is no market. So he writes fiction stories about middle-aged love and so forth—awful stuff—and earns about $600 a month without the least conscious effort.

There's a bright young man over in Baltimore who writes serials about Broadway Johns and chorus girls. He has three or four of them current at one and the same time, and how he manages them without getting the Coras and the Peggies and the Betties all mixed up in each other's affairs I am at a loss to understand. But he earns about $15,000 a year and is always in demand.

"How do you contrive the color you shoot into 'em?" I asked him one day.

He grinned. "Oh, I stay over here in Baltimore and wonder what Broadway is like."

In the Driftway

IN a rash moment the Drifter yielded, a short time ago, to the importunities of a young female companion and allowed himself to be taken berry-picking. His young friend was only six years old, and for a moment he thought that if she could find amusement thus, he might also. They made their way under barbed wire and over stone walls, through bush and briar, across a brook, and a great distance into the woods. On the way they passed tangles of blackberry vines, the fruit quite green. It augured well, the Drifter mistakenly thought, for the red raspberries. And when they came to the bushes they sought, his prophecy seemed at first to be coming true. The branches were hung thick with round, red berries—at least from a distance. When they got closer, the berries seemed to disappear. And when the pail was actually brought under the branch, and the berries felt the touch of the human hand, they vanished entirely. Some of them slid to the ground and hid coyly in the grass; others turned to green before the very eyes of the Drifter; still others appeared bitten and mangy on close inspection. The sun beat hot on his head, the briars scratched his ankles. He had been picking for perhaps half a day, or so it seemed, when he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paused to examine the bottom of his pail, and found it barely covered.

* * * * *

SURREPTITIOUSLY he examined the bucket of his siren companion; by some miracle it was half full, and the young woman, oblivious to sun and scratches, was picking ahead as if she asked nothing more in life. That decided the Drifter. He set his pail on a rock and himself on another, conveniently in the shade. When he had mopped his brow he thoughtfully ate the berries in his pail and, more thoughtfully still, plucked and ate from a bush within arm's reach. The berries were sweet and warm under the sun; they quenched his thirst and soothed his soul. He knew that this was the only way for him to pick berries—as fast as he could eat and no faster. Let persons who were fitted for it imprison them in a tin pail; it was worth incurring the reproaches of the six-year-old to sit in the shade and eat them one by one.

* * * * *

SO it is with apples. To walk in an orchard, freshly mown, with windfalls temptingly underfoot and low branches well within reach, to pick up a likely looking apple, bite into it deeply, regard it with a careful eye, and throw it against a tree, repeating the process ad infinitum: that is the way to proceed with apples. The Drifter has never been inveigled into apple-picking; but he has watched those at work, their feet aching on a ladder rung, hand up baskets, reach them down, pile barrels full, hour after hour in the hot sun. Such industry is not for him. He prefers his apples on the wing, so to speak; the minute the process becomes organized he is seized with a dreadful pain in the back, so that he must lie down in the grass. If persons who can stand that sort of work later make the fruit into pies and apple sauce, he is often able to eat the product. But secretly he prefers the bite and toss method: it avoids the core, it provides an infinite variety of taste, it improves the eye. For him it is the thing that orchards are made for.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Du Ponts and the Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That estimable journeyman essayist and observer-general Mr. Silas Bent reminds me of the Virginia major's son. When somebody asked the major if his son had religion, he replied: "The young whelp is religiously inclined, but hell-bent!"

In his article, Deep Water Runs Still, in the July 8 issue of *The Nation* Mr. Bent informs his readers that

> In Wilmington, whence must come all official statements of profits and losses, financial and human, from the Du Pont properties, there are three daily newspapers. All of them are owned by the Du Ponts. All the men who work for them depend upon the Du Ponts for a living. The opposition, if any exists, has no voice. The "news instinct" is stifled.

The Wilmington *Every Evening*, of which I have the honor to be the editor, is constantly displeasing the publicity department of the Du Pont company by printing all the truth it knows about that company.

It probably is true that there is Du Pont money in the *Every Evening* ownership; but the lease which the publisher, Mr. William F. Metten, has for ten years, beginning in 1921, gives him absolute independence in policy. The result is that we are as independent in our discussions and presentation of news as it is humanly possible to be; and I do not exaggerate when I say that we have been and still are just as independent as *The Nation* is in its editorial discussions.

Newspaper men so often are accused of being "bought" and "muzzled" that I think it is only fair to do justice to those who honestly are striving to be independent. Indeed, it strikes me that this is the sort of thing *The Nation*, through its eventful sixty years, has endeavored to encourage in newspaper men; and I might add that I believe such encouragement has aided in a large degree in making them more independent.

Wilmington, Delaware, July 18 WILLIAM J. ROBERTSON,
Editor, *Every Evening*

Why Omit Smedley Butler?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What the nation really needs at this stage in its history is relief from the Butlers, the several gentlemen to whom may be attributed many of our woes. It was William M. Butler who persuaded the country to keep Coolidge. It was the corporation lawyer, Pierce Butler, who as Supreme Court justice concurred in certain deplorable decisions of that tribunal. Nicholas Murray Butler frequently wearies us with lengthy spoutings in the press intended to convince us that that tory head of Columbia University is a liberal. And now that staunch, rugged fundamentalist of Tennessee, John Washington Butler, comes to the fore as the author of an anti-evolution law that disgraces not only Tennessee but the nation in the eyes of the enlightened world.

Chicago, July 11 THEODORE R. KENISTON

"A Sail"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Max Eastman's translation of M. Y. Lhermontov's poem A Sail in the July 1 issue of *The Nation*, allow me, as a lover of Russian literature, to say that it has neither the meter nor the felicity of the original. What is more, it seems that Mr. Eastman uses the personal pronoun "he" for sail, apparently only for the reason that the Russian word for sail, *páhroos*, happens to be of the masculine gender.

And, to make my criticism constructive, may I offer my own version of the poem, rendered with the meter and rhyme-scheme of the original preserved:

A solitary sail is gleaming
  Upon the ocean's hazy blue;
What has she left in native waters?
  What does she seek in waters new?

The billows play, the wind is whistling,
  The mast, in anguish, bends and creaks;
Alas! from happiness not fleeing
  It is not happiness she seeks.

Below the azure waves are spraying;
  Above, the golden sunshine glows,
But she, rebellious, longs for storms,
  As if in storms there were repose.

New York, June 18 ELBERT AIDLINE-TROMMER

"Young Bob"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to the editorial in *The Nation* of July 8, entitled Young Bob. The editorial is both wise and timely, and I have no doubt will help bring about unity of action on the part of all Progressives in trying to put Bob in the Senate for at least the unexpired term of his father.

New York, July 20 GILBERT E. ROE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

Portrait in the Horizontal

By RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

By apple trees let him be measured,
Not by pines.
He has no spiked ambitions
But inclines
To tangled gestures, leisured,
Leaf-broken lines.

By fields and horizontal places,
Not by hills,
Nor Gothic cities judge him;
He fulfils
The destiny of ponds, behind the races
Of old saw mills.

First Glance

SEVEN new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library (Putnam: $2.50 each) include five which may be recorded as continuations of work already begun. A. T. Murray completes his spirited if somewhat troublesomely archaic translation of the "Iliad"; Harold N. Fowler with "The Statesman" and the "Philebus" and W. R. M. Lamb with the "Ion" carry Plato through a fourth volume; while A. M. Harmon contributes his fourth volume of Lucian, W. R. Paton his fourth of Polybius, and David Magie his second of the "Scriptores Historiae Augustae." The two remaining items, whatever may be the intrinsic importance of their contents, serve to emphasize the peculiar character of the service which the Library is performing. Its chief distinction, that is to say, lies in its scope. It explores the fringe as well as the center of its domain. Thereby it assists, of course, the classical student; but it also leads the layman into regions which he may only have suspected of existing. It is a long way, for instance, from the "Aeneid" to Frontinus, who was water commissioner under Trajan and whose humble treatises on "Stratagems" and "The Aqueducts of Rome" are given here in the versions of Charles E. Bennett and Clemens Herschel. The "De Aquis" is the earliest authority on a fascinating subject, and the curious reader will be grateful for its scrupulous, loving detail. E. C. Marchant's translation of the "Scripta Minora" attributed to Xenophon travels a long way, too, from the center. In a previous volume containing the "Oeconomicus" Mr. Marchant tried his hand at Xenophon the pedagogue; here he concludes the tale with seven treatises on politics, finance, war, horsemanship, and hunting. "On the Art of Horsemanship," by sheer virtue of its affection for facts, is a precious document; and one may like to find an immortal writing such utter prose as this: "To sum up: the horse that is sound in his feet, gentle and fairly speedy, has the will and the strength to stand work, and, above all, is obedient, is the horse that will, as a matter of course, give least trouble and the greatest measure of safety to his rider in warfare."

The limitations of space necessarily imposed upon the various authors of the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome (Marshall Jones: $1.50 each) work now for good and now for ill. John A. Scott's "Homer" seems scarcely to have given him room to turn around in. The same author's book on "The Unity of Homer" a few years ago was as smooth and ample as it was excellent. Here, however, Mr. Scott is hobbled. His very lack of opportunity to develop a few subjects fully forces him to start a great many subjects and nervously abandon them. And there are numerous surprising trivialities, such as the suggestion of a Homeric significance in the middle name of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. Even so, Mr. Scott manages to pay a characteristically passionate tribute to the first of poets; his energy, if not his art, is everywhere notable. Louis E. Lord's "Aristophanes" has fewer deficiencies of form, and Rodolfo Lanciani's "Ancient and Modern Rome" was licensed to be miscellaneous—though hardly to meander, as its picturesque pages, the work of a veteran antiquarian, too frequently do. A decidedly satisfactory member of the series is John Leofric Stocks's "Aristotelianism." A good deal of work had to be done in this case, and Mr. Stocks did it. His serviceable differentiation between Plato and Aristotle, his unpretentious outline of Aristotle's whole thought, and his capable summary of the Aristotelian influence seem to make the book a model for those which are to come after it.

MARK VAN DOREN

An American Poet

Collected Poems of H. D. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SELDOM does a volume of collected poems present so even, so unchanging a texture as this. The consistency of form is remarkable, and it is a form which is neither more nor less convincing in the latest pieces than it was in "Sea Garden," which manifested a swift and perfect control of free verse such as perhaps no other American poet—or English poet, for that matter—has attained. There is no rhythmic fumbling in H. D.'s work. Monotony there is, but it is the necessary and excellent monotony of waves that tell always the same story and yet never the same. In some of the later poems there is rhyme, even regular stanzaic pattern, as in the beautiful Lethe. These incidental concessions to, or echoes of, the tradition neither contradict nor perfect the prevailing line of the verse. The occasional rhymes are but faint fire-fly illuminations of a form which is already sufficiently well defined as movement, of a delicately modulated speed which is always a little brusque yet always flowing. The clipped, eager cadences of such poems out of "Sea Garden" as The Helmsman:

> But now, our boat climbs—hesitates—drops—
> climbs—hesitates—crawls back—
> climbs—hesitates—
> O be swift—
> we have always known you wanted us,

or The Shrine:

> You are useless,
> O grave, O beautiful,
> the landsmen tell it—I have heard—
> you are useless,

are the same, psychologically if not prosodically, as the exquisitely high-whimsical dance of, say, Holy Satyr, which belongs to the latest volume, the "Heliodora" set:

> Most holy Satyr,
> like a goat,
> with horns and hooves
> to match thy coat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of russet brown,
I make leaf-circlets
and a crown of honey-flowers
for thy throat.

There it was the full rush and impact of the wave—breaker and spray; here it is the same wave on the recoil, smoothed and foaming.

This poet is individual—it has been said over and over again—and very beautiful. Is it therefore necessary to say that she is strangely un-American or that she is a Greek, out of time? As for her Hellenism, I find it as little in her work as in the very French hexameters of Racine or in the lush beauties of the completely English Keats. H. D.'s world of content is either a highly personalized sea and rock and overlooked flower or it dissolves into the warmer lineaments of Aegean figures. Each world is symbol and nostalgia. But there is this difference, that the exquisite harshness of the earlier world was a more direct and intuitive expression of the poet's spirit; the later is more carefully discovered, more studiously colonized. For this reason I think there can be little doubt that for those who are more interested in the quick way of the spirit, however remotely it may happen to fall out from the known haunts of expression, than in the rediscovery of ancient and beautiful ways made apt once again for the hungering spirit—for such cultural dissenters "Sea Garden" remains H. D.'s most valuable gift. And this—need one expressly say?—is not to make light of the poems in which she has chosen the more easily recognizable, yet, for her, more devious, symbols.

H. D. is not un-American—far from it. Personal and remote as are her images, there breathes through her work a spirit which it would not be easy to come upon in any other quarter of the globe. The impatience of the rhythms and the voluptuous harshness and bleakness of the sea and shore and woodland images manifest it. Such violent restraint, such a passionate pleasure in the beauty of the denuded scene and the cutting thrust, themselves but inverse symbols of caress, could only develop in a culture that hungers for what it despises. H. D. is of those highly characteristic and most subtly moving American temperaments that long for an emotional wealth of expression, whether in terms of culture or of personal experience, that they cannot wholeheartedly desire—and must not, if they are to be true to themselves.

EDWARD SAPIR

The War-Guilt Again

The Roots and Causes of the War. By John S. Ewart. George H. Doran Company. 2 volumes. $12.50.

THIS is a very important contribution to a widening debate. The author is an eminent Canadian barrister who has given several years to a rich study now revealed in two copiously annotated volumes, and he has distinct opinions. None of the European powers, he is clear, fought for sentiment; on the contrary, each waged a war of its own for territorial gain or greater military security. The conflict is, to him, not one war but a number of wars. His subject he divides into permanent discontents, which he calls roots, and immediate provocations, which he terms causes. The two he discusses quite separately, and at the end of each chapter he formally states his conclusions.

In the present acute controversy over war origins, which side gains support from this work? The "revisionists," undoubtedly. Mr. Ewart, by wholly independent methods, arrives at conclusions strikingly similar to those put forth by the present reviewer some time ago and vigorously reinforced by Professor Barnes now; the conclusions, namely, that Austria and Serbia were about equally to blame for a local war, that Russia and France were chiefly to blame for making it general, that Germany tried to call back Austria and pacify Russia, that Grey, condemned as a designer of war by Morel and the early "revisionists," was less designing than vacillating and incompetent.

On the roots, which he deems the more important, the author's research has been deepest; and there he has left little soil unturned. He distinctly includes British trade rivalry with Germany as an ingredient, for he does not palliate British imperialism. The Boer War he cites as an example of that. German imperialism was no worse than its rival, he says, and he attributes but moderate influence to the Nietzsches. Among the principal roots he places the Franco-Prussian War, and the reader, considering the late attempt to blame Germany for that war also, will be grateful for one hundred pages. His conclusion is flatly adverse to the French. As to the Ems affair, Louis Napoleon possessed the real facts through his own ambassador, concealed them, and declared the war.

In the matter of immediate provocations his minuteness is not so great. He should have buttressed this part with more references to Russian and Teutonic memoirs and to the Central European commentators. More ample use, too, should have been made of Paléologue's diary. That of Georges Louis was, of course, not available.

That the Allies were about as well prepared as Germany, that Austria-Hungary did not want war with any other power than Serbia, that she was not sure Russia would intervene, and that Russia had no honest purpose in aiding Serbia are among his conclusions. As to *les jours tragiques*, as Victor Margueritte sadly calls them, the author does not dwell excessively on the precise hours of telegrams; however, he emphasizes with sufficient distinctness the chain of movements.

Whether Russia had the right to intervene he will not today decide. Here he might have dwelt longer on Russia's intrigues in Serbia, since she could have no right to intervene in a war designed by herself. He had not before him the recent damaging confession of the Serbian Minister, Ljuba Jovanovich, as to the Serbian Cabinet's knowledge that the assassins had left Serbia for Serajevo. However, "Russia either had no right to intervene, or if she had, it was she who by her mobilization against Germany interrupted the negotiations for peaceful solution." It is not clear whether by this he means to imply that Austria would have accepted direct settlement with Russia, a point still doubtful. Yet it is clear that after July 25, as Dobrorolski says, Russia intended nothing less than war.

Germany's military element he concedes, but he is emphatic as to militarism in her neighbors. "Germany did not want a wider, a European war." Would he be influenced now by the recently published telegram of von Moltke, encouraging Austria at the eleventh hour? Probably not, for he has insisted that the German Government, through its civil heads still in control, the Kaiser and Hollweg, was urgently trying to stop Austria, while Viviani, a civil head of France, was slyly telegraphing Russia to go on with her mobilization in a safely secret way. As to Great Britain, she would not permit either France or Belgium to be occupied by Germany, no matter who began the war; but this not out of love for Belgium. Mr. Asquith's recent book he repeatedly rebukes. Germany having offered to respect Belgian neutrality should Great Britain remain neutral, he says that all Grey had to do to save Belgium was to keep Great Britain out of the war. "Grey was not anxious for a war, but he was quite determined that if it came between France and Germany, Great Britain would participate." He has not failed to note Grey's knowledge that France would follow Russia into a war, and he would doubtless censure Sir Edward's recent astonishing confession: "I felt impatient at the suggestion that it was for me to influence or restrain Russia." Strange words these! Sad words, too, when the repudiating Soviets argue now that the French

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loans to the Imperial Government were spent to create armies for ambitious France on Russian soil.

He accepts the opinion of the Russian Ambassador at London before the war that "Of all the powers France would accept war without great regret." Her desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine he justly describes as fluctuating, and, though a ready irritant at the service of politicians, not continuous. However, he deems this her primary inducement to war. In the Morocco affair he discusses Delcassé's concealing from Germany one treaty while he showed her another and a different one, and he follows but does not depend entirely upon the excellent work by Morel.

This book should be in every public library. It is a mine of invaluable data.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN

The Reconstruction Negro

The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction. By Alrutheus Ambush Taylor. Washington: The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. $2.15.

THIS is the first of a series of volumes, prepared with the aid of funds granted by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, in which the history of the Negro in the South during the reconstruction period, and of the free Negro before the Civil War, is to be "definitively" recorded. Undoubtedly there is room for such a study, for the history of the Negro in America, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, still offers a rich field for the investigator. The reader of the present volume, however, will not get further than the first page of Mr. Taylor's introduction without discovering that the author has a bone to pick with his predecessors. Hardly anything that has been written of late about the Negro under reconstruction is, according to Mr. Taylor, to be trusted. Certain treatises which he does not name, but which students of the subject may easily identify since they are ascribed to Johns Hopkins and Columbia universities, evoke severe condemnation. "They were written," Mr. Taylor asserts, "to prove that the Negro is not capable of participation in government and to justify the methods of intimidation instituted to overthrow the reconstruction governments of the Southern commonwealths." Many of the writers were partisans interested in "trying to make a case before the world," selecting "such facts as would establish their point of view" and ignoring those to the contrary, and their books are "practically worthless." They further err in magnifying politics at the expense of economics, and in relying upon newspapers and other material "made by the very men who constituted the party of opposition."

These are serious charges. They would constitute, if proved, a deplorable reflection on American historical scholarship and the work of university departments of history. Unfortunately for the reputations of the writers whom he attacks but does not name, Mr. Taylor does not go on to support his allegations by citing, either in text or in footnotes, the offending statements or conclusions; he even omits reference to the meretricious treatises in his bibliography, and proceeds to write a history of the Negro in South Carolina under reconstruction from such sources as he deems worth while, leaving the erring writers who have preceded him to defend themselves as best they may.

The belligerent temper and superior air of the introduction, however, have not prevented Mr. Taylor from writing an extremely important book. He has made industrious use not only of the better-known sources but also of such material as newspapers, church records and histories, school announcements, diaries, letters, travels, and memorials of temporary political bodies which previous writers have somewhat neglected. The narrative, too, has a moderation and an impartiality which contrasts sharply with the tone of the introduction.

Mr. Taylor makes it clear that the Negroes of South Carolina as a whole did not become, at the close of the war, the shiftless, migratory, and quasi-criminal mass that they were widely believed to be. "The exception was the very degraded class of Negroes on the Sea Islands, rivaled only by the 150,000 poor whites of the upper counties in ignorance and excelled by them in crime." The economic situation improved even while the congressional plan of reconstruction, well calculated to embitter the relations between the races, was being carried out, the principal obstacles being the lack of capital, the derangement of prices as well as of agricultural methods, and the transition from the large plantation system to a system of small holdings. "After 1868 there was no serious disturbance of Negro labor until the whites injected politics into the question in 1876." Even the attempt to "revitalize" slavery by resort to vagrancy laws did not check economic recovery and readjustment.

Two chapters on educational and religious work among the Negroes, rich in statistical data not hitherto available in such systematic form, throw light upon the intellectual preparation of the Negro for citizenship and suffrage. Most of the Negro political leaders in the years when Northern adventurers were organizing the Negroes against the whites "were men of fair education," and many "showed adequate knowledge of politics and labored for the progress of the State, as attested by the native whites themselves." The actual frauds perpetrated upon the State by the reconstruction governments, and the part played by the Negroes in connection with them, appear to Mr. Taylor to have been grossly exaggerated. He quotes a contemporary writer in *The Nation* to the effect that "in the distribution of spoils the poor African gets the gilt and plush, the porcelain spittoons, the barbaric upholstery, while the astuter Caucasian clings to the solider and more durable advantages." The power of the ring was broken under Governor Chamberlain, but when the opposition, led by men like Butler and Gary, ceased to be a reform party and became "a racial-superiority-asserting group determined to eliminate the Negro from politics," the way was prepared for the corrupt careers of Wade Hampton and Tillman and the exclusion of Negroes from voting and office-holding.

A reading of the book leaves the impression that Mr. Taylor, in addition to making a painstaking study of the subject, has given the Negro greater credit for spirit and accomplishment than most writers on the reconstruction period have done, that both the political and the economic relations between the races have been set in a more friendly light, and that the conclusions, in the main at least, are justified by the facts. The broad outlines of events remain, of course, the same, but the additional details which Mr. Taylor is able to present, joined to the social relationships which he points out, at least make the story pleasanter and more hopeful reading.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Wandering Thoughts

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher. By Hermann Count Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 2 volumes. $10.

THERE is a saying that a thinker feels about traveling as a traveler feels about thinking. Each believes that the other is wasting his time. Count Keyserling purports to be an exception. He has traveled around the world for the sake of philosophizing. But the outcome of his journey was fatal. It confirmed exactly that which it meant to disprove. The thoughts of this wandering philosopher are wandering thoughts.

Despite his avidity for travel Count Keyserling is quite unlike the usual traveler; he is obsessed by philosophy. He studies not the things that he sees but the inner reactions aroused in him by all sorts of reminiscences from previous reading. While he contemplates the life of New York he thinks of St. Ambrose and Marcus Aurelius. In the slaughter-houses of Chicago he recalls Prince Wen Hui's cook, who knew a lot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about Taoism. In China the Confucian spirit inspires him to talk about the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic churches. In Ceylon he discovers that the profundity of Leo Tolstoi is due to his limitations. Standing before the tombs of the Indian emperors and generals, he has the hallucination of hearing a Lutheran hymn. His thoughts despise systematic order; they are proud of being sporadic and of being inspired by accidental experiences. "Yesterday I watched some very curious flying fishes which flew up in surprise from the track of our steamer. My soul also produces similar phenomena."

How should one approach such a book in order to do justice to its author? We cannot regard it as a travel account, for the author does not care for facts; he deals merely with their significance, "which exists independently of them." Neither can we regard it as a philosophical thesis, for the author does not care for reasoning; his book is—as he says—a "work of fiction." Can we, then, read it as a novel? It lacks artistic form. The arrangement of the events is not planned; they are told in the same order as they happened. Parts could be added; parts could be omitted.

Count Keyserling is able to justify himself. His novel is formless only because it is intermixed with his thoughts. His thoughts are inconsistent only because they reflect his travels. Count Keyserling is master of that literary technique whereby each form prevents the other from being carried out to perfection. A novel that has no artistic structure, combined with ideas that have no logical coherence, and based on observations that make no claim for accuracy—what shall we call such a book? The reader, "prepared to follow the wanderer through his many moods and transformations," will feel like the melancholy Jaques when he remarked: "The sundry contemplation of my travels wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

"According to his autobiography Count Keyserling used to feel that his thoughts and his writings were ahead of his own day and that for this reason he would in no way be representative of his age." The editor of the book takes pleasure in stating that in this respect the author was mistaken. And he was, indeed. His writings corresponded to a demand. They favored the irrationalistic tendencies which, a few years ago, bewildered European thought. The mixture which he had brewed was just fit for minds craving intoxication. Moreover, an Oriental vogue came to his aid. People were listening with delight to the songs of Rabindranath Tagore. They soon began to believe that the poet who had succeeded in dissolving their sorrows into a lyrical mood was able to dissolve also the causes of their sorrows. In the farce that was staged for this purpose Count Keyserling played the role of the prophet. He was the chief manager of the episode which, not unbefittingly, has been called the ninety-ninth return of Buddha.

Buddha has now returned to the East. He is sad because his Western audience found his preaching a little too simple. Count Keyserling is also sinking into oblivion. To call him "an outstanding figure of Germany today" is, speaking mildly, a chronological error.

EDGAR WIND

Books in Brief

Legislative Assemblies. By Robert Luce. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

Congressman Luce's second volume on the science of legislation is essentially an exploration of the structure and unofficial habits of legislatures. And it is marked by the same meticulous and minute exploration which made his first volume valuable—though uninforming as to the realities which lie behind the scenes in politics. There is the same voluminous cumulation of evidence on every point. The work is, indeed, cyclopedic in its array of facts; no item in the catalog of legislative problems treated is left without as complete and exhaustive an investigation as is practicable in American and foreign sources. A wide range of problems is considered: the composition of senates, the length and frequency of sessions, qualifications for election, the lobby and various forms of bribery, salaries and expenses, and—most interesting perhaps—"customs, habits, and decorum." The reader will find a vast store of information and, what is more significant, the frank portrayal of the point of view of an extraordinarily able and experienced legislator toward the technique of his task.

Law and Freedom in the School. By George A. Coe. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

Men and women who might else be moved to read books on education are frequently kept away by the technical verbiage or by an air of pedantic unreality, or sometimes by both. No such hindrances will be met in these thought-packed pages. Though the theme of Mr. Coe's essay sounds pedagogical enough—it is an examination of what the new "project-method" can teach about law and freedom—the reader soon finds himself pondering a problem of vital moment to people everywhere: "What is the best service which a healthy school can render to a sick society?" One cannot but wish that so stimulating a book as Mr. Coe's will reach a wide audience both within the schools and without.

A Gallery. By Philip Guedalla. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Philip Guedalla seems always to have been seeking the limits of brilliance, and now he has found them. This is a glittering book, as cold as it is shining. Primarily a dealer in personalities in the fields of literature and politics, Mr. Guedalla here turns his pen to Barrie and Kipling; to Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, Compton Mackenzie; to "The Seven Sleepers"—Stanley Baldwin, Macdonald, Marquess Curzon, A. Bonar Law, Austen Chamberlain, and the Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil; to "The Seven Lamps of Liberalism"—Lord Rosebery, Lord Morley, Lord Grey, Lord Haldane, Asquith, D. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill; and to three "Shadows"—the Empress Eugénie, Marcel Proust, and Lady Palmerston. It is a pleasure to denominate the virtues one finds in these portraits, the quick, nervous movement, the vivid pictorial quality, an enchanting malice, and the rare capacity Mr. Guedalla has of handling heavy topics as though they were light ones. But when he writes of Proust's popularity as "this positively Marcel wave," when he yields without conscience and without discrimination to the temptation to turn a phrase in every other sentence, then he seduces not only his prose style but also his reader.

Who Will Remember. By Margaret Irwin. Thomas Seltzer. $2.

Souls adrift in time, incarnate now in one generation, now in another; a ghost story engrossingly told despite its shopworn mysticism.

THEATER

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE 466 Grand St.

Evenings (except Monday) 8:30 sharp
Matinees, Saturday, 2:30 sharp

The Grand Street Follies of 1925

Orchestra $2 Balcony $1.50

ARTHUR HOPKINS presents
"WHAT PRICE GLORY"
A new Play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thursday and Saturday.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexico's New Oil Law

MEXICO'S new petroleum law, which will be submitted for the approval of the Congress in September, when that body begins its regular session, was made public on July 20. This was done after President Calles had accepted the law as being, in his estimation, adequately interpretative of the spirit of Article 27 of the Mexican constitution, which provides that "in the nation shall be vested direct ownership of all . . . solid mineral fuels, petroleum, and all hydro-carbons, solid, liquid, or gaseous."

The law gives the President sole and full authority to grant concessions for petroleum exploration and exploitation and to regulate both, it confirms former concessions and leases and titles acquired prior to May 1, 1917, the industry is declared to be a public utility, and in the opening articles reaffirmation is made of the constitutional precept that Mexico exercises direct, permanent ownership of the subsoil. For reasons of space the detailed regulation regarding pipe lines are omitted.

ARTICLE 1. In the nation is vested direct ownership of all natural mixture of hydro-carbons deposited in the subsoil, regardless of their physical condition. The word "petroleum" when used in this law means all natural mixtures of hydro-carbons.

ART. 2. The direct ownership of the nation, referred to in the preceding paragraph, is inalienable and imprescriptible. Operations in the petroleum industry shall be permitted only by the express authorization of the federal executive, conceded within the terms of this law and under the regulations emanating from it.

ART. 3. The petroleum industry is a public utility. For this reason it shall be given precedence over all other exploitations of the surface. The surface shall be occupied or exploited in all cases required by the necessities of the petroleum industry and legal indemnity shall be paid the owner of the surface. By the petroleum industry is meant the discovery, the control, the transportation of pipe lines, and the refining of petroleum.

ART. 4. Mexicans and civil and commercial corporations organized under Mexican laws may obtain petroleum concessions, according to the provisions of this law. In addition to the above requirements, foreigners seeking concessions must previously comply with the requirements of Article 27 of the federal constitution. (With respect to waiving the right to appeal to diplomatic intercession.)

ART. 5. Rights derived from concessions granted in accordance with this law shall not be transferred in whole or part to foreign governments or sovereigns, nor shall they be granted any rights in such concessions, nor become partners or co-partners in the same.

ART. 6. All matters connected with the control of the petroleum industry shall be under the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal government.

ART. 7. Concessions for the exploration for petroleum shall confer upon the holder of the concession the right to execute work which has for its object the discovery of petroleum. These concessions shall be issued by the Secretary of Industry, whose duty it shall be to see that the obligations under the concessions are rigidly complied with, upon the following conditions:

1. During the first three months of the life of the concession the holder shall obtain from the owner of the surface permission to occupy the lands which are required by the concessionaire, and shall enter into contract with the owner of the surface in which shall be stipulated the indemnity to be paid him by the concessionaire. In case it is impossible to come to an arrangement with the surface owner within three months, the concessionaire shall apply to the Secretary of Industry in order that he may obtain an extension of time in which to complete the arrangements with the surface owner.

2. In case the surface owner shall object to the work of exploration, the Secretary of Industry shall act as arbitrator, if the surface owner and the concessionaire agree to his acting in that capacity. Should they not so agree, the question shall be decided by the federal executive, who shall rule as to whether or not the property involved shall be occupied or expropriated in accordance with the necessities of the petroleum industry, providing that a guaranty shall be given by the concessionaire to indemnify the person or persons who shall own or control the surface for whatever damages or prejudices he or they may suffer through the work of exploration.

3. The concessionaire shall render to the Secretary of Industry once every three months a report as to his work under his concession and its results.

4. The Secretary of Industry shall every two years convoke a commission for the purpose of determining the limits of the explored zones in the republic. This commission shall be composed of a representative of the Secretary of Industry, one from the Treasury Department, and a third to be chosen by the petroleum companies. Within the two years following the determination of the limits above mentioned, concessions for exploration outside of these limits shall be designated as having been granted within a "new zone."

5. During the life of a concession and for three months afterward only the holder of a concession (for exploration) can obtain a concession for the exploitation of petroleum discovered by him in the zone named by his concession.

6. Within the first year of the date of the granting of a concession the holder must deposit with the federal treasury a guaranty, proportionate to the importance and the extension of the zone in which he purposes to operate. The amount of this deposit shall be fixed by the Secretary of Industry.

7. Concessions shall be granted for from one to five years, according to the judgment of the Secretary of Industry and to the extent and importance of the zone in which the concession is situated.

8. Providing he has complied with all the requirements of the law, the holder of a concession for exploration shall be given the preference for a new concession in the same zone.

ART. 8. Concessions for exploitation shall give the holder the right to control and dispose of petroleum. These concessions shall be granted by the Secretary of Industry, whose duty it shall be to see that obligations under the concession are rigidly complied with, upon the following conditions:

1. The concessionaire shall arrange with the owner of the surface for the payment to him of indemnities, in the same manner as is prescribed in the preceding article, in order that, once the concession for exploitation has been extended by the Secretary of Industry, the work of exploitation may proceed without delay.

2. Within the zone of exploitation the concessionaire shall have the right to establish all the installations which may be required for the extraction, transportation, and storing of petroleum.

3. Outside of the limits of the zone conceded to the concessionaire he shall have the right to obtain concessions for the laying of pipe lines, to construct roads, and to utilize federal waters under the corresponding laws.

4. Concessions for exploitation in "new zones" shall give to the holders for one year a right to a discount in the production tax, which shall be fixed by the commission referred to in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

section (4) of the preceding article at the same time at which they fix the limits of the explored zones.

5. The exploitation of a zone conceded under a concession shall not be interrupted for a period longer than six months without justifiable cause, according to the judgment of the Secretary of Commerce.

6. Concessions for exploitation in a zone can only be granted to the holder of a concession for exploration in the same zone.

7. The federal executive shall have the right to regulate the exploitation of wells of petroleum, in order to prevent their being exhausted prematurely.

8. No concession shall be granted for a period in excess of thirty years. At the termination of this period the holder of a concession who has complied with all of his obligations may obtain a new concession for the same zone.

ART. 9. The Secretary of Industry shall grant concessions for the construction of pipe lines for public and for private use. Public pipe lines shall be used for the transportation of petroleum for any person who may desire to utilize them for that purpose. Private pipe lines shall be used for the transportation of petroleum owned by the holder of the concession for the pipe line. . . .

ART. 10. The Secretary of Industry shall grant concessions for the establishment of refineries and plants for the utilization of natural gas in accordance with the following conditions:

1. These concessions shall be granted to those who are entitled to them, according to the requirements established in Article 4.

2. The concessionaires, in the operation of these concessions, shall be subject to police, health, and safety regulations, in order to safeguard the lives and health of employees, operators, and persons residing in the vicinity.

3. Free importation of materials shall in future be permitted for the construction of all plants for the refining of petroleum or for the utilization of natural gas.

ART. 11. Petroleum concessions on national lands shall be granted in the manner prescribed by this law, and concessionaires shall pay for the use of the surface in accordance with regulations on that point. Concessions shall provide that operations under them shall not interfere with public services.

ART. 12. Concessions delivered by the executive of the nation in accordance with previous laws shall be confirmed without cost, aside from that to which they are subjected by the present law and which shall be the same as those imposed upon concessions granted under this law.

ART. 13. Denunciations (of petroleum lands) made under the decrees of July 31 and August 8 and 12 of 1918 shall comply with the following regulations:

1. When title has not been issued and no opposition to the concession has been offered, the concession shall be granted in accordance with the provisions of this law.

2. If opposition has been offered and the title has not been issued, the controversy shall be decided in accordance with the decrees of July 31 and August 8 and 12 of 1918, and the concession shall be delivered to the person to whom it may be granted in accordance with the provisions of this law.

ART. 14. Petroleum rights granted under previous laws shall be confirmed without cost and by the medium of concessions delivered under this law, as follows:

1. To surface owners and their associates (*causahabientes*) who began petroleum operations before May 1, 1917.

2. To surface owners and their associates who notified the federal government before May 1, 1917, that they were in possession of lands upon which they designed to carry on exploitation of petroleum.

3. To the assignees of the right of exploitation, by means of contracts entered into before May 1, 1917, who have commenced the work of exploitation before the date of this law.

4. To the holders of concessions for exploitation, under contracts entered into before May 1, 1917, who before that date notified the federal government that they were in possession of lands designed for the exploitation of petroleum.

5. To pipe lines and refineries actually in operation by authorization of the Secretary of Industry.

ART. 15. Confirmation of petroleum rights must be solicited within the period of one year from the date of this law. After this period, if no application for confirmation has been made, the rights involved shall be considered as non-existent and the holders of such rights, the confirmation of which has not been solicited, shall have no claim against the government.

ART. 16. The federal executive shall have the right to designate reserve zones in free lands.

ART. 17. Concessions shall be subject to cancelation for the following reasons: (1) failure to work them regularly in the manner prescribed by law; (2) infraction of Article 5; (3) failure to make the deposit as required by sections (2) and (6) of Article 7.

ART. 18. Infractions of this law and of its regulations, which are not punishable by cancelation of concessions, shall render the concessionaire liable to a fine of from 100 to 500 pesos, to be imposed by the federal executive.

ART. 19. All of the activities of the petroleum industry shall be considered as mercantile and consequently subject to the laws of the commercial code and to the dispositions of the civil code of the federal district.

ART. 20. The federal executive is authorized to issue all of the regulations emanating from this law. . . .

When We Acquired Guam

WHEN the United States took over the island of Guam from Spain at the close of the Spanish-American War the following instructions, referred to in the article Thou Shalt Not Whistle—in Guam on page 206 of this number, were issued by the President:

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

January 12, 1899

Instructions for the Military Commander of the island of Guam, Ladrones, Pacific Ocean

With the signature of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain by their representative-plenipotentiaries at Paris, on the 10th day of December, 1898, and as a result of the victories of the American arms, the future control, disposition, and government of the island of Guam are ceded to the United States. In fulfilment of the rights of sovereignty thus acquired, the actual occupation and administration of the island of Guam become immediately necessary.

In performing this duty, the Military Commander of the United States is enjoined to make known to the inhabitants of the island of Guam that, in succeeding to the sovereignty of Spain, in severing the former political relations of the inhabitants, and in establishing a new political power, the authority of the United States is to be exerted for the security of the persons and property of the people of the island and the confirmation of all their private rights and relations. It will be the duty of the military commander to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we come, not as invaders or conquerors but as friends, to protect the natives in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights. All persons who, either by active aid or by honest submission, cooperate with the government of the United States to give effect to these beneficent purposes, will receive due reward and support and protection. All others will be brought within the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lawful rule we have assumed, with firmness, if need be, but without severity as far as it may be possible.

Within the absolute domain of the naval authority, which necessarily is and must remain supreme in the ceded territory, until the legislators of the United States shall otherwise provide, the municipal laws of the territory, in respect to private rights and property and the repression of crime, are to be considered as continuing in force and to be administered by the ordinary tribunals of civil and municipal government so far as practicable. The operations of the civil and municipal government are to be performed by such officers as may accept the supremacy of the United States by taking oath of allegiance, or by officers chosen as far as may be practicable from the inhabitants of the island.

While the control of all public property and the revenue of state passes with the cession, and while the use and management of all public means of transportation are necessary to the authority of the United States, private property, whether belonging to individuals or corporations, is to be respected except for causes duly established. The taxes and duties, heretofore payable by the inhabitants to the late governor, become payable to the authorities of the United States unless it be seen fit to substitute for them other reasonable rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government, whether general or local. If private property be taken for military use, it shall be paid for, when possible, in cash at a fair valuation and when payment in cash is not practicable receipts are to be given.

All ports and places in the island of Guam in the actual possession of the naval forces of the United States will be opened to the commerce of all friendly nations. All goods and wares, not prohibited for military reasons by due announcement of the naval authority, will be admitted upon payment of such duties and other charges as shall be in force at the time of their importation.

Finally, it should be the earnest and paramount aim of the naval administration to win the confidence, respect, and affection of the inhabitants of the island of Guam, by securing to them in every possible way that full measure of individual rights and liberties which is the inheritance of all free peoples, and by proving to them that the mission of the United States is one of benevolent assimilation, substituting the mild way of justice and right for arbitrary rule. In the fulfilment of this high mission, supporting the temperate administration of affairs for the greatest good of the governed, there must be sedulously maintained the strong arm of authority, to repress disturbances and to overcome all obstacles to the bestowal of blessings of good and stable government upon the people of the island of Guam under the free flag of the United States.

[Signed] WILLIAM MCKINLEY

[Signed] JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of the Navy

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES W. WOOD began his career as a locomotive fireman. He won a prize in an essay contest and got a position on a Syracuse paper. For years he was a special writer for the New York Sunday *World* and later for *Collier's Weekly*.

ARTHUR WARNER, associate editor of *The Nation*, has given special study to the island victims of American imperialism. He spent some time in Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands in 1923, and wrote a series of articles about those countries for *The Nation*.

R. V. HARDON was, for fifteen years, a newspaper man in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. His present occupation, described in his article, Writing for Money, allows him to spend his summers on Cape Cod and his winters in Europe.

RUTH FITCH BARTLETT is editor of the *Junior League Bulletin*, and a contributor of articles and poems to the *Century Magazine*, *Books*, etc.

EDWARD SAPIR is leaving the staff of the Victoria Memorial Museum in Ottawa to become associate professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN, a former judge, now living in Seattle, Washington, is the author of "Let France Explain."

WILLIAM MACDONALD was an associate editor of *The Nation* from 1918 to 1920. He has written numerous books on American history and politics.

EDGAR WIND is a German student of philosophy living at present in New York.

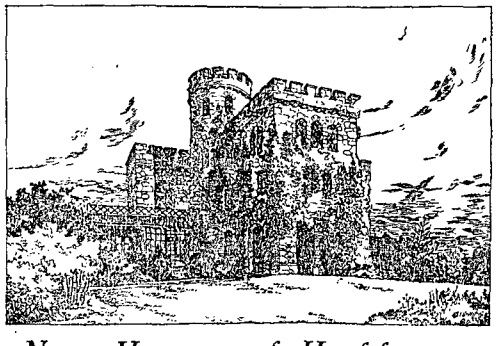
WORKERS' EDUCATION IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

By MARGARET T. HODGEN

Deals sympathetically with the history, organization and policies of the considerable number of efforts which have been made to enrich the life of the wage-earners, especially of manual workers, during the last hundred years by giving them a cultural education over and above what they have gotten at school. It is a clearly written, excellently documented work. $5.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

HOFFMANN SCHOOL *for Individual Development*



Libby Castle
Fort Washington Ave.
at 193d Street
New York City

DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL

Children 4-12 Years

School Bus

New Home of Hoffmann School

accept nothing but

Non Depressant
non Habit Forming
In Convenient
Aluminum Boxes
At every drug store

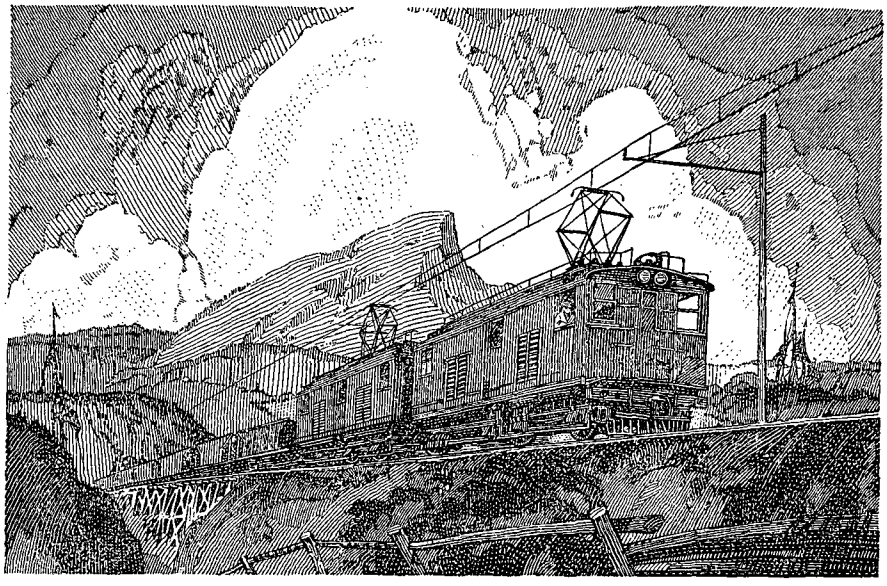
3 Tablets 15c.
10 Tablets 40c

Midol for HEADACHE

GENERAL DRUG CO., - 94 N. Moore Street, New York

When writing to advertisers, please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Through Silver Bow Canyon, Montana, where prospectors once led pack mules, long ore-trains are now hauled by electric locomotives.

Tons and tons—*electrically!*

All apparatus for the electrification of this railway was furnished by the General Electric Company—and this includes electric locomotives, transformers, switchboards, and overhead construction. Power from the Missouri River at Great Falls, Montana, is efficiently furnished by six G-E hydro-electric generators.

When a railroad wants to save money, what should it do?

"Electrify," answers the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railway.

It's not a long road but it's very important. Five million tons of copper ore go over it every year, and—because electricity has lowered its operating costs—there is a saving on every ton.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

13-11

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

By WILHELM BOELSCHE. A brief, simple and clear statement of the case for evolution, including much evidence discovered since Darwin's death. Can be read in two hours. Cloth, illustrated, 60 cents postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

MT. AIRY (near Croton-on-Hudson) is a community for artists and radicals within commuting distance of New York. It is high, dry and heavily wooded with many beautiful views of the Hudson and easy access to a service of 100 trains daily. Adjoining the village of Croton with shops and stores, it will have a social and communal life all its own. 1-4 acre of land $250 to $400. Cash or terms. (30% sold). Address Harry Kelly, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Chelsea 0432.

MISCELLANEOUS

See page ii for Summer Places

ANTIOCH ACADEMY, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Two or three children of 12-16 may be boarded in home of experienced educator. References asked and given. Address William H. Bridge, Hunter College, New York City.

FOLDER PROPOSING COLONIZATION among undeveloped natural resources in British Columbia, along lines of Industrial Democracy, sent free by The Cooperative Club, P. O. Box 1248, San Francisco, Calif.

German Books a Specialty

W. BEYER, Inc. *Books and Art*

Now at 259 5th Avenue

Bet. 28th and 29th Streets, New York

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Study at Home

Become More Efficient

Courses in *Mathematics, Chemistry, Psychology, Education, Business,* and 40 other subjects command either High School or College Credit. Start any time.

The University of Chicago
57 Ellis Hall CHICAGO, ILL.

POSITIONS WANTED

REPORTER—Young man 25 desires position reporting news. No experience. Wants to start at bottom. Completed two courses in journalism. Box 336.

YOUNG woman somewhat concerned with art and ideas wishes position of unusual interest, preferably one involving foreign travel. Graduate of Wellesley; experienced as Teacher and Librarian. Box 337, care The Nation.

ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS

should be mailed to our Subscription Department at least two weeks before it is to become effective. This will insure uninterrupted delivery of *The Nation* to you, and will materially lessen the pressure of work in our office. When notifying us be sure to give both old and new addresses and stipulate the exact date upon which you desire the change made.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

The Nation

20 Vesey Street New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED